Vol. II. No. 13. Total 65.

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

PRINTED BY DAVID HOGAN, No. 51, SOUTH THIRD-STREET, NEARLY OPPOSITE THE UNITED STATES' BANK.
Where Subscriptions, Advertisements and Literary Communications, will be Thankfully Received.

Saturday, *February* 6, 1802.

OLD NICK:

A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

CHAP. XX.

Mrs. Pawlet will be contradicted.—Engraving.—Philosophy.—What women are born for.—How much they should know of chemistry, geography, algebra and the languages.—Mrs. Pawlet compares the parson to a pint bottle, and herself to a gallon.—The impudence of a philosophical mind.—Plutarch quoted, as an authority for women retiring after dinner.—The consequence of introducing learning into a brain not fitted to receive it.—How to prevent servants cheating you.—An ancient mode of stopping sickness, used with a very different effect.—Barclay and Pharton.—A question.—The answer more interesting than explicit.

BARCLAY observed, that whatever the Parson said at dinner, Mrs Pawlet invariably contradicted, intending, by the opposition of her husband, to raise herself in the opinion of Barclay, for wisdom and shrewdness. The opposition she met with, however, was of so short a duration, Mr. Pawlet always striving to preserve tranquillity and good-humour, that she, at last, became quite exasperated against him, on account of his mildness.

"You always agree with me, Mr Pawlet," said she, warmly, "and I am at a loss to guess your meaning for so doing."

"The meaning is evident," replied he; "you are always in the right."

"There I differ with you," cried Mrs. Pawlet.

"Yes, my dear," said he, "I know that. You always do."

"I differ with you," continued she, "it is my sentiment of the motive, "that constantly makes you seek to agree with me, and unless I occasionally meet with a vigorous opposition from you, I shall think you despise my powers. Socrates, however, did not despise Aspasia."

"Heaven defend me from so base a thing," exclaimed the parson; "I will do whatsoever you please, my dear, to make you happy."

Barclay sat in mute attention to this family dispute, which was carried on, thro' the kindness of the parson, according to the desire of Mrs. Pawlet. Various were the subjects of debate. Mr. Pawlet was much attached to engravings, and his taste was consequently arraigned on this head. Of the two common styles of engraving*, the stipple and the stroke, he was for the former; Mrs. Pawlet, was, of course, for the latter, and argued long in its favour, shewing her knowledge of the art, and pointing out the lively effects produced by it.

It would be vain and tedious to relate all the subjects of controversy which were entered into, to please Mrs. Pawlet, I shall therefore omit several, and come to one, which, in the end, even ruffled the temper of the good-natured clergyman. It was this,—The parson contended for a *vacuum*, which always incensed his wife, who was a desperate stickler for a *plenum*.

"A Greek writer," said she, "calls substance *(Gr.) something;* and void *(Gr.) nothing*. Now, I am for the *(Gr.)* I am for *something*. I am with the Aristotelians, they say that nature abhors a *vacuum*,—so do I."

However mild the disposition of a man may be, there is always a spark of ambition in his heart, which will shew itself, whenever it finds an opportunity. Mr. Pawlet had suffered himself to be defeated, in many instances, to please the vanity of his wife: but having the best of the argument, in the present, and being allowed, without offence, to support it, he determined to display his powers before our hero. He, very properly and justly, insisted that there could be no motion without a void, and went on, establishing his position with great firmness and truth.

Mrs. Pawlet, on the other hand, arguing, with thundering volubility, from Hobbes and Descartes, so confounded and bewildered the subject, that the Parson, unable to go any further, and displeased at being able to convince her* that he was in the right, exclaimed,

"Why will women meddle with philosophy?"

"And why not, pray?" cried Mrs. Pawlet; "what were women born for then?"

"Why, according to St. Paul," said the parson, "*to marry, bear children, and guide the house.*"

"Granting this," replied Mrs. Pawlet, a little angrily, "I should be glad to learn how knowledge is incompatible with her situation in life. I should like to be told why chemistry, geography, algebra, languages, and the whole circle of arts and sciences, are not as becoming in her as in a man."

"I do not say," rejoined the parson, "that they are entirely unbecoming, but I think, a very little of them will serve her

* The first is done by dotting, the last by drawing lines.

* This is precisely my case. I am never angry in a controversy, when my opponent clearly explains my error. But when I have an idea of what is right, but cannot satisfy my antagonist, and he persists in the contest, presuming on my hesitation, and striking me, as it were, with reeds, because I cannot come at my arms, then I fret.

"That's an honest trait."

Oh! trust me, I'll tell you nothing bad of myself.

purpose. In my opinion, a woman's knowledge of chemistry should extend no farther than to the melting of butter, her geography to a thorough acquaintance with every hole and corner in the house, her algebra to keeping a correct account of the expences of the family; and as for tongues, Heaven knews that one is enough in all conscience, and the less use she makes of that the better.

During this speech, Mrs. Pawlet was much agitated, and scarcely able to conceal her anger, she said, "Ah! it is very well, Mr. Pawlet, but I smile at your impotency!"

"My dear," replied he, "you should rather be sorry for it."

"You are defeated," continued she, "and in revenge you descend to abuse. I have long found you deaf to instruction. You may be a man of some ordinary sense, and I believe you to possess the properties of *verity* and *bonity*, but I can say no more for you. I have endeavoured, by constant communication, and instruction, to augment your intellectual fund; but, alas! I find the truth of the scholastic axiom, *Whatever is received, is received according to the capacity of the recipient;* a gallon may pour out its liquor into a pint bottle, but the bottle can receive no more than a pint. I have done all that can be done, and may as well attempt to penetrate the rind of nature, and open a way to eternity, as to add to your knowledge."

Here Mrs. Pawlet looked at Barclay, with strong symptoms of exultation; and the parson, thinking he had been too harsh, rose and said

"Come, my dear, let us be friends again. You forced me to this opposition, and must not blame me for what I have advanced. Be composed. I am sure you are in the right." Saying this, he gave her a kiss to atone for his fault; a luxury Barclay did not envy him.

"Well," said Mrs. Pawlet, rising, "now I think it is time for me to retire, but do not imagine that I retire for the same reason that other women do, namely, to allow you a greater freedom of speech. No, truly; for I affirm, that there is nothing, however free, which a philosophical mind may not attend to. What are words or things to me? The philosopher's mistress is Truth, naked truth.

The parson and our hero looked at each other with a smile.

"Yes," continued she, "and wherever he meets her, he embraces her with rapture, for in her alone exists all that is divinely beautiful."

Barclay sighed.

"You sigh, Mr. Temple," said she, but I do not wonder at it, for I talk of your mistress."

"You do, you do, indeed!" cried Barclay, with a warmth that was very diversely understood by Mrs. Pawlet and himself; "she is, in truth, divinely beautiful, but how difficult is it to acquire her!"

"Right," rejoined Mrs. Pawlet; "but to explain my motive for retiring—I hold it to be classically proper, and I gather that opinion from the following passage in Plutarch. He says, in his Banquet of the Seven Sages, *that a wise man, if he finds the wine bad, has recourse to the nymphs.* Some, I know, contend that the word *nymphs* means water. But I rather give it this interpretation: *If a wise man finds the wine bad, he retires to the* LADIES. It is of consequence admitted, that if he retires to the ladies, the ladies must have previously withdrawn, and supported by this authority, I always deem it decent to retire."

Uttering these words, she left the room, apparently in the highest degree satisfied with the display she had made of her talents and erudition.

Being gone, Mr. Pawlet drew his chair closer to our hero's, and inviting him to fill his glass, said, he was heartily glad to see him, and drank to their better acquaintance. Barclay pledged him with great sincerity.

"You must think," continued Mr. Pawlet, falling back in his chair, "you must think my wife a very strange woman, from what you have seen and heard of her. Indeed, she is so. The learning her father, the dean, compelled her to obtain, has been too much for her. In a stronger head* it might have been of great service, but in her's it only tends to make her wild and eccentric. She is always doing some out-of-the-way thing; but indeed, I believe she has a good heart, and would not, willingly, do any one harm."

"I cannot doubt it," replied Barclay.

"But still," said the parson, "she is often very near doing some, as, for instance, this morning,—and the other day, what do you think she did? The man who takes care of my horses was suddenly seized with a sickness, either through drinking more than he was aware of, when dry, or was deceived in the quality of the liquor he drank. How that was I cannot say, but Mrs. Pawlet soon heard from the gardener that he was in this condition. The gardener informed against his fellow servant, because, I understand, they are not upon the best terms, and this is owing to a scheme of my wife's, which, I confess, I do not much approve. She tells me, that by creating feuds among the servants, she imitates Cato*, who, she says, wisely adopted this method, as a surety against their colluding together to cheat him. Well, the instant my dear knew that the groom was, to use the poet's phrase, for the sake of decency, "pouring his throat†" in the kitchen, she visited him, and presently hit upon this remedy. She had read, in Pliny, that *wine, with pomegranite juice, stops vomiting;* procuring, therefore, a bottle of Madeira wine, and squeezing a little pomegranite juice into it, she presented it to him, glass after glass. The honest fellow took the prescription very kindly, until he had finished the bottle, which, as you may easily conceive, only made bad worse.—Good soul! I am sure she meant well, but the poor man was, after all, obliged to be carried to bed in a deplorable state of intoxication and sickness."

Our hero could not refrain from laughing at this absurdity, saying,

"I should not be surprised, sir, if your groom were to sham sick, at some future time, for the sake of such an agreeable recipe."

"True," replied the parson, "and I shall be well contented if no greater mischief is the consequence of her passion for the Æsculapian art. But I hope, Mr. Temple, notwithstanding all these trifles, you will endeavour to bear with her. I assure you. It must be afflicting, it is true, for a man of profound and well-digested learning, to be subject to her whims and caprices; but——"

"A truce," cried Barclay, interrupting him, "a truce to compliments on my learning, my dear sir, I entreat. It is but moderate, I protest, and has been exaggerated by my friend, merely to ensure a good reception from your lady. If it should be found sufficient to answer the purpose of amusing her, and hence prove the means of my enjoying the company of a man of your singular worth and amiable manners, I shall esteem it much more than I have ever yet had cause to do."

"Fear nothing!" exclaimed the parson, "every thing shall succeed to your wish.

* The Arabian observation is, that whenever learning is introduced into a brain whose texture is not adapted to receive it, a fermentation ensues, till the whole is exhausted. Pref. Epist. to L. B. esq. p. 11.

* Plutarch's Life of Cato the Censor.

† "The attic warbler pours his dulcet throat."
POPE OF GRAY.

Your learning, will, I am confident, satisfy Mrs. Pawlet, and recommend you to her regard. What our mutual friend has written to me concerning your unmerited misfortunes in life, has already effected both with me. And as I lament that such a calamity should have befallen you, so shall it be my care to obliterate it from your memory.—Come, let us drink the health of Keppel; he has brought us together, and I am much indebted to him."

To this Barclay instantly agreed; and, when they had drunk their wine, Mr. Pawlet, by way of changing the conversation, said, lolling in his chair:

"My Pen. is to be his wife."

When Phaeton, driving the chariot of the sun, entered the sign of the Scorpion, and, through excess of fear, let go the reins, and set the world on fire, he could not be in greater perturbation and alarm than our hero, when he heard the above words pronounced by the parson. He had been, ever since his arrival, striving to root out this idea from his mind, and had, in some measure, succeeded in his endeavours, when Mr. Pawlet put an end to the fond illusions of hope, and entirely destroyed his tranquillity. He turned his head away from the parson, as if looking at a picture that was behind him, and continued in this position until he had gained an ascendancy over his spirits. Then, resuming his former state, he enquired, in a seemingly unconcerned way, whether the day was fixed.

"No," replied the parson, "but I expect it will not be long before it is. They have been long plighted, and I know that he is excessively attached to her. Come! let us drink to their happiness."

"Indeed," said Barclay, drinking, "I know no two persons I so sincerely wish happiness to. My friend Keppel, though he has his singularities, I have ever found a true and affectionate friend. Miss Pawlet is as beautiful and interesting as thought can fancy, and will make any one happy who possesses her."

"Miss Pawlet!" cried the parson.

"Yes," replied Barclay, "the young lady who dined with us."

"Ah," said he, "Penelope you mean."

"I do," returned our hero. "Miss Penelope Pawlet, your daughter. Is not she so?"

Mr. Pawlet appeared a little confused, and answered, "Daughter? She would grace a court, and might be daughter to a king! But, come, let us join the ladies, I know they are waiting for us." Then, throwing open the door, he invited Barclay to follow him into the next room, which he did, musing on the evasive reply he had received,—a reply too, that prevented him, for ever after, from repeating his enquiry.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR HOGAN,

However averse I am to enter into any discussion, which may involve religious opinions, and although conscious of my inability to do justice to the subject, yet I cannot, consistent with the duty I owe the Society of which I am a member, forbear to make some remarks on the publication of *Christianus*. I deem it the more necessary, at this time, in order to remove any undue impression which his remarks might give rise to on the mind of the public.—It is evident, that he has offered no grounds for his assertions; nor could he indeed, where none, I am confident, ever existed, but in his own imagination. He draws his principal conjecture, from what he alleges is the present relaxed state of the religion of the Jews in this city: that it is so, we have only his assertion; but were it really the case, it is certainly a strange idea to suppose, that from being bad or relaxed Jews, people would become good and firm Christians. I trust such converts would be no desirable acquisition to any society but deists or atheists. It is well known that dissensions have arisen in many other religious societies; sometimes on the most frivolous grounds; yet their conversion to Judaism has never been anticipated by us. The idea is certainly too absurd to need any serious refutation. Equally groundless is his assertion respecting a schism having arisen among us. In order to explain this, it is necessary to premise, that the modern Jews are distinguished by the appellations of the *Portugueze and German Jews*. Time will not permit me to explain the cause of this distinction: suffice it to say, that however they may differ in some points of form, they perfectly agree as to essentials. A separation has taken place, as Christianus states, but not from the cause he alleges. It is also true, that they have converted a stable into a place of worship; yet I cannot perceive in this the degradation he supposes offered to the Supreme Being. He must certainly acknowledge the Deity to be omnipresent, as well as omnipotent, and where the devotion is sincere, it is no doubt equally acceptable in a stable as in the most magnificent temple. I might remind him, as a Christian, (if he is really one,) a structure that no less humble once proved the asylum and shelter of the Author of Christianity: this should, at least, teach Christianus more humility. I cannot dismiss the subject without a remark on the appellation which he bestows on us, as "the most violent opposers of Christianity:" this I totally deny, as a false and malicious aspersion. Persecuted as we have been by most nations of the earth, we too sensibly feel the blessings of toleration, to offer opposition to any sect whatever, however different in sentiment or opinion. Had Christianus been actuated by the same tolerant spirit, he would not in so wanton and unprovoked a manner, have aspersed a religious society, by a misrepresentation of facts. I trust what is here said, will be sufficient to convince the public that the conjecture of Christianus is unfounded, and consequently his conclusion wrong.

Indeed, what gave rise to the conjecture that there had been any schism at all among the members of our church, was occasioned merely by a trifling difference between a few individuals, and altogether of a private nature; and therefore every liberal mind will consider it as of too delicate and personal a nature for public scrutiny, and too unimportant for public discussion.

JUDAICUS.

STRANGE REVENGE,

Taken by a Malay slave at the Cape of Good Hope, on his Dutch Master.

THE slave having served with great activity and fidelity for many years, begged for his emancipation. His request was denied. A few days afterwards, he murdered his fellow labourer and friend. Being brought before a commission of the court of justice, he acknowledged that the youth whom he murdered was his friend: but the killing him had appeared the most effectual way of being revenged on his master, and better than even killing his master himself; because by robbing him of 1000 rix-dollars by the loss of the boy, and an another thousand by bringing himself to death, the avaricious mind of his master would be for ever tormented for the remainder of his days.

The voluminous commentator Burman, used to read out a certain number of pipes of tobacco. His countrymen at the Cape of Good Hope have adopted the same mode of reckoning the time, when they flog the Hottentots. The government of Mallacca also flog by pipes; and the chief magistrate and his assistants are the smokers on such occasions.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

"And he took him by the throat, saying, Pay me that thou owest."

WHAT an ungentle method of demanding was this! I cannot help thinking, that if the present mode of tapping debtors on the back, was changed into seizing them by the throat, large cravats would again come into fashion; our people of quality would then be as tenacious of their necks, as they are at present of their shoulders. It must be acknowledged, it would be shockingly *impolite* indeed, to seize a well-dressed debtor by the wind-pipe: To grasp, with hands hardened by labour, the delicate skin of a beau, on which, probably whole pounds of violet soap, and whole quarts of milk of roses had been lavished, would be deemed at the tribune of fashion, a crime of the greatest magnitude. What though a starving family might be urged in extenuation of the attrocious act; the cries of *real* distress have no influence over modern sensibility. It is the fictitious woes of the heroine of a romance, which draws the briny shower from the eye. The heart-rending sighs of the love-lorn maiden are echoed back from every sentimental bosom, which turns disgusted from disease and misfortune, to brood over the fantastic troubles of a mortal, who never existed, but in the fertile brain of a novel-writer.

Pay me that thou owest—How faithfully does this demand pourtray a little and unfeeling mind; if we read the whole parable from which my text is taken, we shall see that he who now acts in this imperious manner, was in a similar situation himself a short time before. He owed ten thousand talents, but because he was unable to pay, his creditor, moved with compassion, humanely forgave the debt. Going out from the presence of his generous benefactor, he finds one who owed him a hundred pence, and harshly demands the sum: Unmoved by the poor man's remonstrances and prayers, his promises and protestations, he unfeelingly commits him to prison, there to remain until the debt was discharged.

This, though a melancholy, is a true picture of man: ever forgetful of benefits received, and resigning himself to the dominion of ingratitude, that worst of fiends. To what a degree of brutal degeneracy must that person's mind be reduced, who, with the sense of such an obligation, so recently impressed on his memory, could act with such barbarity towards another, who, if palpable at all, was not more guilty than himself. Yet it is what we every day may witness; we may see mortals, who, having gratuitously received from their great Benefactor, innumerable blessings of various kinds; who are placed in a state of affluence and plenty; yet if a fellow creature is reduced by unforeseen misfortune, until he is unable to pay what he owes, the unfeeling creditor, unmindful of his distress, or the distraction of a family who depend on him for support, drags him from their embraces, and confines him in prison, where he may waste the morning of life in involuntary idleness,

"Shut from the common air, and common use
"Of his own limbs."

This may be by some denominated justice; but I never thought it merited the appellation: indeed, justice itself scarce deserves the name of virtue, unless associated with mercy, one of the most distinguished attributes of the Almighty, and which peculiarly adorns his creature, man.

THE LAZY PREACHER.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

BENEFICENCE.

OF all the virtues that adorn the character of the Philanthropist, none is, perhaps, more amiable than that Charity, which is the natural result of real Benevolence.

There is no pleasure so exquisite, no enjoyment so pure as that experienced by the man who foregoes the pleasures of luxury to relieve the wants of his fellow creatures in distress: he seeks the lonely cottage, where Poverty, with her attendant train of evils dwell; and by his timely assistance prevents the wretched inhabitants from committing those crimes, to which they might otherwise have been driven by hunger and despair.

How widely different from these are the sensasions of him, who possesses an unfeeling mind:—wrapped up in his own self-interest, he conciliates not the affections or good will of his neighbours: prompted by Avarice, which assumes the guise of Economy, he spurns the needy beggar from his door; no benedictions from the lips of those his bounty has relieved, salutes his ear; his heart is a stranger to happiness.

"Charity covers a multitude of sins." We are all, as mortals, liable to failings. Convinced of this, we should bear with the indiscretions of others: We should not hearken to the tongue of Slander; which, ever on the watch, seizes the most trivial occurrence, and magnifies the smallest failing into an enormous crime. We should never open our ears to the secret whispers of malevolence, nor listen to the dark suggestions of Envy; but should always strive to act up to the spirit of the golden rule, "Do unto others, ye would have others do unto you."

AVIS.

ON THE ORIGIN OF LETTERS.

THE invention of letters, and their various combinations* in the forming of words in any language, has something so ingenious and wonderful in it, that most who have treated of it can hardly forbear attributing it to a Divine Orignal. Indeed, if we consider of what vast, and even daily service, it is to mankind, I think it must be allowed to be one of the greatest and most surprizing discoveries that ever was known in the world.

We all know of what general use the art of writing is in trade, in contracts of every kind; in preserving, improving, and propogating learning and knowledge; in communicating our sentiments to, and corresponding with our friends, or others, at any distance, whither letters can be conveyed: and, in fine, by the means of writing, the learning, the knowledge, the precepts of the wisest men of all ages of the world, since the invention of letters, have been communicated down from age to age, and from one country to another.——Writing, in the most ancient language we know of, is called *Dikduk*, which we are told signifies a subtle invention.

We find no intimation of the use of letters, in the Holy Scriptures, till the time of the children of Israel's sojourning in the wilderness of Sinai. Josephus, indeed, tells us that Abraham, when he went to sojourn in Egypt, there taught the Egyptians arithmetic and astronomy; which, if true, doubtless puts it beyond all dispute, that writing was in use in his time. The same author intimates, that Abraham brought those sciences with him from Chaldea, and consequently, that they were in vogue in that country before Abraham was born, but how long we cannot determine.

Let the art of writing, however, begin when it will, without doubt the first essays were rude and irregular; and it is generally agreed that hieroglyphics, or symbols were first used. Hieroglyphics is originally a Greek word; and, in the primitive

* A Table exhibiting the number of ways the letters of the Alphabet may be combined together, will be given in our next.

signification thereof, denotes those figures or images made use of by the ancient Egyptians, to express the principles of their religion and moral science. These were at first usually engraved upon great stones, or obelisks. Doubtless other nations practised the same in the beginning of writing, but are not so much noticed as the Egyptians, who maintained a set of Priests or learned men amongst them, to cultivate and improve that science.

Calmet, in his Dictionary of the Bible, under the article Letters, has the following paragraph: "We are assured (says he) that the Egyptians' writing, at first, was merely hieroglyphical; the figures of animals, and other things, graven upon stones, or painted upon wood; by the means of which they preserved the memory of grand events."—That way of writing is perhaps the most ancient of any in the world. We still see many specimens of it remaining upon obelisks and marbles brought from Egypt.

Some Writers, of great fame and antiquity, ascribe the invention of letters to the Egyptians. Tully makes Hermes, or the 5th Mercury, whom, he says, the Egyptians call *Thoth*, the first inventor of letters and laws amongst them. Others calls this *Thoth* by the name of *Hermes Trismegistus*, but are not agreed about the time in which he lived. Diodorus Siculus tells us likewise, that this Mercury invented the characters of writing, gave names to many useful things, and taught men the first rudiments of Astronomy. Plato also, in his Phædon, introduces Socrates speaking to the same purpose; and, amongst other things attributes to *Theuth* (as he calls him) the invention of letters. But, as we are not informed what language he wrote in, nor what characters he made use of, nor of any other circumstances of the fact, it seems to be only a traditionary story, and therefore not of sufficient authority to set aside the prior claim that is granted to the Hebrew or Samaritan character. The Chinese, indeed, ascribe the invention of letters to Fohi, the first of their kings, who is said to have reigned in the times of the patriarchs, Eber and Peleg, which was 600 years before Moses was born: but, as the history of Fohi, as well as much of the Chinese chronology, is esteemed, by good judges, to be fabulous, we cannot set the invention of the Chinese writing in competition with that in which the books of Moses were composed; so that, upon the whole, it does not appear but that the square Hebrew character, or that which is now called the Samaritan, is of the greatest antiquity of any that has yet been discovered.

The next thing to be enquired after, is, What materials men at first made trial of writing upon; with what instruments, or pens; and with what sort of characters? The most obvious materials, that would naturally present themselves to the minds of the inventors of letters, seem to be stone, wood, and metals; and while writing was only hieroglyphic, or symbolic, those materials might answer the purpose.

Writing upon stone, even in a common affair, is so late as since the return of the Jews from their Babylonish captivity, not 500 years before the birth of Christ; but wood seems to have been the most convenient and the most ancient. Books among the Romans were called *Tabulae*, because they were composed of thin pieces of wood, or boards finely sliced.

Plutarch and Diogenes Latertius inform us, that Solon's laws were inscribed on tables of wood; and Solon flourished about 600 years before the birth of Christ, in the time of the prophet Ezekiel; but in his time books among the Jews were probably written upon rolls of parchment, as appears from that prophet's testimony. And we are told by Pausanius, in his Boeotica, that Hesiod's works were written on lead, and preserved till his time, tho' much defaced, by the inhabitants of the plain near Helicon.

He also tells us in his Messenica, that Epiteles dug up out of the earth, a brass vessel, or urn, which he carried to Epaminondas, (about 350 or 360 years before Christ,) in which there was a fine plate of lead, or tin, rolled up in the form of a book, on which were writien the rites and ceremonies of the great reputed goddesses; and a stone chest, containing the acts of the Council of Illiberus, held anno 304, was found at Grenada in Spain, not many years ago, written or engraved on plates of lead, in Gothic characters, which have since been translated into Spanish.

Sepher, which is the Hebrew name for a book, comes from a root that signifies to rehearse, or tell, and thereby seems to have relation only to the subject or contents of what is written, the design of writing being to rehearse or tell what we would say by word or mouth. But *Biblos*, the Greek name for book, is so called from the matter that books were made of; for *Biblos* is an Egyptian plant, on the rind of which, being drawn into the form of leaves, and nicely dried, men were a long time accustomed to write: it was also more commonly called *Papyros*, from whence the name of paper is derived in several languages. *Liber* likewise, in Latin, denotes the inner bark or rind of any tree, which was used for the same purpose as the *Papyros*; and so the Romans gave the general appellation of *Libri* to books: and the English word *book* is supposed to be taken originally from *Bocce*; which, signifies a beech-tree, and of which, being cut into thin plates, the ancients made their pugillares, or table-books.

The instruments that men first made use of to write with, were suited, no doubt, to the materials they then wrote upon, which in all likelihood were stones or metals; but in after-times, when writing began to be common on tables of wood, covered over with coloured wax, they made use of a sort of bodkin, made of iron, brass, or bone, which in Latin is called *Stylus;* which word also was adopted by the Romans. As to the form of the style, it was made sharp, like a pointed needle, at one end, to write with, and the other end blunt and broad, to scratch out; so that *vertere stylum, i. e.* to *turn style*, signifies in Latin to *blot out*.

When softer materials than wood or metals began to be written upon, such as the inner rind of trees, (especially of the tilia, or lindon tree,) and the leaves of palm-trees or mallows, or skins, or parchment or paper made of the Egyptian bull-rush, or lastly, paper made of rags, other sorts of instruments were found out and fitted to the purpose of writers, of which reeds seems to be the first. Pliny says the Egyptian calamus, or reed, as a near relation to their sort of paper, served for that purpose; which, with those reeds that grew near Cnidus, a promontory of Caria, was most in esteem. The *Calami*, or *Arundines*, of which frequent mention is made in the Greek and Latin writers, were the pens of the ancients. Afterwards quills taken from the wings of geese, ravens, turkies, peacocks, and other birds and fowls, were made into pens for the service of writing.

Isidorus Hispanlensis, who lived about the middle of the seventh century, is perhaps the first who used the word *Penna* for a writing-pen. Pens, made of quills, were in use at that time, however, table-books were not then wholly laid aside; for Chaucer, in his Sumner's Tales, mentions them, and the stile with which they used to write in them by the name of a *Pointel*.

It may be observed here, that wherever the word *Pen* occurs in the English translation of the Old and New Testament, we must not understand it of a pen made of

a quill, but of an iron style or reed; for though our name pen be derived from the Latin word *Penna*, yet this latter is never used for a pen to write with in the Roman classics.

The ink which the ancients wrote with was of various kinds in the composition and colours, as we have it now: black, as at present, was the most common. Pliny says that the Romans made their ink of soot, taken from furnaces, or baths: some also wrote with the black liquid that is found in the sepia, or cuttle-fish.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

I should in No. 11 of your Repository, have given the key to the mode of Transhand required in No. 10, by your correspondent Linguisticus, had I not thought some one having more leisure would do it.

Your correspondent S. N. has indeed given us a key, but it is so devoid of form, that instead of two hour's time being sufficient to enable any person to speak and write it with ease, according to Linguisticus, two days, or perhaps two weeks would be necessary. One of the greatest aids to committing any thing to memory, is reducing the subject to some form.

I recollect, in a periodical work published in this city, some years ago, I believe the Columbian Magazine, seeing this mode of Transhand with the same verse from Ecclesiastes: the key there given was

Moult
Nears

The first letter of each word changes to the first letter of the other, the second to the second, &c. Every one must immediately see, that this key would be committed to memory in one tenth of the time, which that of S. N. would require, tho' they both amount to the same thing when known.—The same key will admit of various forms easy to be remembered, as

Nurse Molas Salem Serum Lanes
Malto Nerut Turon Tolan Rumot

Almes Earns
Urnot Oulmt' &c.

These observations would have been prepared for No. 12, but I expected Linguisticus himself would have so far corrected S. N. as to make good his assertion, that the mode might be acquired so as to write and speak it with ease in two hour's time.

While on the subject, I will give a few specimens of different modes of Transhand, by which your readers may see how easily they can form one for themselves, which shall not be understood without the key. The following is a common salutation in the morning, written by six different modes, together with the key to each.

Geed nelmimg se yea til.	{Moult / Nears}
Gyyp myrlulg ty oyi sur.	{Piano / Duely}
Guud lucneng tu yuo vec.	{Music / Lover}
Guur wudneng tu auo sed.	{Flumery / Showida}
Cood lopninc so aoe tip.	{Gypsum / Cartel}
Attd mtuebea ot str ybu.	{Beauty / Ingros}

There is not, however, any mode of Transhand, but a person skilled in secret writing, may without much difficulty, discover the key; I would therefore propose to introduce any one of the letters of the alphabet, by way of a stumbling block, after every 2d, 3d or 4th letter of every word. The same salutation as above, changed by

Moult
Nears

and a letter introduced after every 2d of the word, will read thus, Geledo, Nerl-
, , , ,
moimug sex yeda Tirl. After every third
, , , , ,
thus, Geerd Nelumimig se year tilt. The
, , , , , ,
marks under show the letters inserted. This method would undoubtedly foil the attempts of the greatest adepts at deciphering secret writng, as they could not know what letters to cast off, and what to retain.

J. I. H.

CURIOUS TRADITION AMONG THE LAPLANDERS.

The Laplanders entertain a very ludidicrous tradition concerning their origin, and that of the Swedes, several colonies of whom have settled among them within the last hundred years. They say the Laplanders and the Swedes are descended from two brothers, who were very different in point of courage; and a terrible tempest arising, one of the brothers was so frightened, that he crept under a plank, which God, through compassion, changed into a house, and from him the Swedes descended; but the other, being more courageous braved the fury of the tempest, without seeking to hide himself, and he was the father of the Laplanders, who to this day live without house or other shelter.

From the Philadelphia Gazette of the 5th inst.

OF MR. FULLERTON.

We announce with regret, the melancholy death of Mr. Fullerton, a performer of the New-Theatre, in this city.—On Monday evening last, shortly previous to the usual hour of opening the Theatre, Mr. Fullerton evinced obvious symptoms of mental disorder—The performances for that evening were consequently postponed—The succeeding day his disorder had so far subsided as to permit him to dine out; and the evening he spent with a particular friend; on leaving whom, it is believed, he immediately proceeded to the wharf and plunged himself into the river. His hat being found in the dock, gave rise to the suspicion of his having drowned himself. Search was accordingly made, and his body taken up yesterday morning and decently interred.

It is believed that this unhappy man, possessing a very acute sensibility, has been driven to this act of violence, in consequence of the impression made on his mind by certain censures, passed in an unhandsome manner, on his professional conduct.—Mortified, dejected and contemned, to the resources of his own mind he in vain sought for consolation to shelter himself from the persecution and ignomy of unfeeling critics.—Situated as he was, he could not resent the scorn and derision of the cruel or malignant.—To endure them—to live in contempt—was intolerable: he perceived but one alternative—he plunged into an awful eternity!

It is due to the memory of the deceased to observe, that since his connection with the American Theatre, his conduct has been such as gained the esteem of all his brother performers. He was of a mild, obliging and conciliating disposition—Atho' on the boards he had but few admirers, it is believed, by those who had the best opportunity of observing, that he possessed many handsome theatrical attainments.

Mr. Fullerton was an Englishman, and has not been in this country more than two years.

ANECDOTE.

Excepting Lycurgus, there is no legislator of antiquity that claims more note among the moderns than Solon, for a time the legislator of Athens. On a certain occasion, Solon being in a company of lively people, and finding nothing to feed on in their conversation, he sat still and said nothing. At last, a young flippant fellow observed, "This Solon must be a fool because he is silent" Solon, without any concern, answered, "There never was a fool that could hold his tongue."

The Dessert.

SONNET XVII.

ON CULTIVATING THE

BENEVOLENT AFFECTIONS.

From charitable and benevolent thoughts, the transition is unavoidable to charitable actions.

SEED.

HOW happy is the man, whose bosom glows
With universal love for human-kind!
The joys of Paradise illume his mind,
While his full heart in Charity o'erflows.

Behold him, like the glorious orb of day,
His genial influence diffuse around;
With Gilead's balm, heal sad affliction's wound,
And chase the glooms of Penury away.

His dear-lov'd name the widowed Matrons bliss,
And helpless Orphans view him as their sire,
While to their scanty meal and little fire,
He comfort gives, and with it happiness.

What greater good than god-like Charity,
Which blesses here, and leads to bliss on high!

AMYNTOR.

PHILADELPHIA,

FEBRUARY 6, 1802.

The following Extract of a Letter from a Gentleman in New-Hampshire, to a friend in this city, dated the 25th ult. will serve to show that the goddess of mildness has, hitherto, not only waved her wand over this our southern hemisphere, but has also liberally extended it, even to the more northern regions.

" Thus far, my brother, we've had a Philadelphia winter—The sled, loaded with a rich supply of country produce—nor the cheerful sleigh, from the neighbouring hills, has enlivened our streets. The fields, since they were stripp'd of their verdure, have worn the gloomy appearance of the sad month of November; except here and there a solitary spray, which bears a feint resemblance to returning spring—Several times has the ground been sprinkled with a delicate white; but a southwardly wind, or a morning sun, hath dissolved the thin wrought robe, and disappointed the many plans of business and pleasure which are dependent on the icy path of Winter."

SOLUTIONS OF THE SECOND AND THIRD ENIGMAS,

IN PAGE 87.

2.

The Institution first to Mankind giv'n
Was *Marriage*, end of love and type of Heav'n;
And, as of it all take what share they chuse,
I, in selecting, will my freedom use.
I'll M..A..R take (ominous or no)
But the next *r* " omit," " it snarleth so;"
Then tuneful I..A;—satisfi'd with these,
The *g..e* I'll give Farmer Giles to please.
Thus will MARIA charm th' enquiring sight;
Sterne's favorite; and his reader's dear delight.
To make *herself* now like the Sybils' books
HE I'll take off—then shew how well it looks
Join'd to her " two last letters of address,"
Or " title," which, if *Miss*, will give me HESS.
Happy discov'ry! since in it I find
The fair MARIA HESS, who all mankind
Confess is *loveliness in form and mind!*

ŒDIPUS.

3.

The SARA—cens were "warlike," 'tis confess'd;
H—ope " ne'er deserts th' afflicted or distress'd;
" To practise an amusement that destroys
" Morality," and with it solid joys,
Must be to GAMBLE—cursed bane of life,
That ruins parents, children, friends and wife.
Yet, if th' Enigma's parts be plac'd aright,
Miss SARAH GAMBLE rises to the sight,
Fair as the star the blushing morn that opes,
Whose charms and beauties give well-grounded hopes
That he who wins her heart will hate the *game*,
While she rewards him by a *change of name*.

ŒDIPUS.

MR. HOGAN

Will much oblige RETNIH & Co. by omitting the names annexed to the Enigmatical List, as they only designed it for a gentle rebuke, and are anxious least their insertion should prove too severe a punishment, for what perhaps they ought to impute to the follies of puerile years; remembering what the wise man of the east observed, " Childhood and Youth are vanity."

CECELIA.

Think not we wish to wound the awaken'd mind,
We feel a sentiment far more refin'd;
We wish to turn the wand'ring steps of youth
In paths of Virtue, Piety and Truth,
But should these Lines the haughty youths offend,
We ask the fair OLIVIA for a friend.
We wish her skillful hand to guide the dart,
And bear conviction to the wand'rers' heart.

SUSAN.

Oh pray, Mr. Hogan, do grant us this favour,
It will come from your altar with quite a sweet savour.

ELIZA.

We each will return you our thanks most sincere,
And always continue your name to revere.

AMANDA.

As days months and years are fast fleeting away,
And all things are hasting so quick to decay,
By these we beseech you their Names to suppress,
Nor suffer our pen to increase their distress.

ZADA.

Our number is great, our Company's strong,
Nor to our whole band does one cypher belong.

CHLOE.

Now if you deny us beware of a dart,
Our Pen for revenge may fly at your heart.

Marriages.

MARRIED....In this City....On the 2d inst. by the Rev. William Marshall, Mr. William Young, wholesale stationer, of this city, to Miss Rachel Anderson, daughter of capt. E. Anderson of Trenton...Same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Turner, Mr. Robert Hicks, to Mrs. Margaret Starkey.

——On the 27th ult. by Joseph Hart, esq. Mr. Mahlon Longstreth, of Bucks County, (Penn.) to Miss Eliza Wolley, daughter of Mr. James Wolley, of N. Jersey.

Deaths.

COMMUNICATION.

DIED, in this City, on Thursday the 28th ult. Mr. JOHN COOPER, house carpenter, in the 59th year of his age—He has left an amiable family to mourn the loss of an effectionate husband, and tender parent:—He was a humane and benevolent friend; and possessed all the virtues of a good citizen; all who knew him will embalm his memory with the tributary tear of sorrow on the melancholy event which deprives them of his valuable society.

.....At Dover, on the 27th ult. Mrs. Lavinia Rodney Fisher, the amiable consort of John Fisher, esq. and daughter of Colonel Thomas Rodney.

SUICIDE.

We hear from Turner, (District of Maine) that on the 11th ult. Mr. Caleb Blake, of that place, who possessed a property of about 5000 dollars, hung himself, from the fear of being exposed to want!

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

ON FINDING A FAVOURITE NEST OF YOUNG ROBINS, DESTROYED LAST SPRING.

WHILE some o'er *Locke* or *Newton* pore,
Or nature's humbler walks explore;
While some o'er old Madeira roar
"The live long day,"
Poor nestlings, I your loss deplore
In humble lay.

Musing on cares as yet unborn,
I wander'd early yester-morn,
And here, upon this rugged thorn,
In gambols gay,
I saw, by no distresses torn,
Your parents play.

And oh! my heart responsive rung,
When each had loos'd his little tongue,
And early orisons they sung
To nature's GOD;
At times they rov'd the fields among
And brought you food.

But now how well their grief's exprest,
Each plainly heaves his little breast,
And oft they view your vacant nest,
With piercing eye;
And seeking you, they take no rest,
But wearied fly.

And must they find the search is vain?—
Yes! yonder rude unfeeling swain,
Deaf to compassion's moving strain,
Or sorrow's cry,
You from your leaf-clad home has ta'en—
From every joy.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

So oft on Afric's bloody shore,
The happy Negro's labour o'er,
Thinks to enjoy his little store,
With his dear clan;
But finds his children from him tore,
By CHRISTIAN man!!!

CORYDON.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

The following Lines are submitted to the inspection of the Editor of the Philadelphia Repository, should they be thought deserving a place in his entertaining paper, the insertion will oblige ANNA.

STANZAS

ADDRESSED TO SUSAN.

AH! might I but presume to sing,
Thy charms so wond'rous fair,
With love-sick notes I'd tune the string,
And waft them on the air.

The sweetest, softest notes of praise,
Should bear my love to thee.
That e'er employ'd a muse's lays,
If thou wilt smile on me.

Oh let thy lovely eyes convey
One cheering glance to mine,
And, as the fair enlight'ning day,
With native lustre shine;
And let their bright transcendant light,
Illume my pensive soul,
Dispel the gloom, now dark as night,
And reign with sweet controll.

Oh tell me, charming Susan, say,
Are all my sighs in vain;
And must I still, ah! must I stray,
And bear the poignant pain.

Oh let me not in vain implore,
One ray of hope impart;
And thus, sweet girl, to health restore
My wounded, bleeding heart.

In sympathy for WILLIAM——
ANNA.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

[From the descriptive beauty of the following Lines, we are almost induced to regret that the present winter has proved so mild; that the hills, dales and forests are not "covered with snow," while the "chill blast" howls "o'er the plain," binding in icy chains "YON MIGHTY RIVER." But while we pay this "tribute due" to the merit of our esteemed correspondent CARLOS, we must beg our readers to wing themselves in fancy to the frozen regions of the north, or with the "mind's eye," to trace back the chilling scenes of the winter of 1788.]

LINES

WRITTEN ON WINTER.

THE hills and the vallies, but lately so green,
Now sad and distressed appear,
The cold blasts of the north have chill'd the gay scene,
And Winter now reigns o'er the year.

Where gaily the husbandman followed his plough,
There frozen and cold is the ground,
And yon mighty river which lately did flow,
In winter's strong fetcers is bond.

The forests, which once with gay verdure were clad,
Where late was heard music's sweet strain,
Are cover'd with snow, are deserted & sad—
Loud howls the chill blast o'er the plain.

Now fierce on the poor, weary traveller's head,
The rude storms of winter descend,
While ev'ning approaches, he seeks the low shed,
And thither his way he would bend.

But darkness surrounds him, he searches in vain,
Nor cottage, nor shelter descries,
Till worn down with hunger, fatigue, cold and pain,
He yields to his hard fate—and dies.

The sun ineffectually sheds his weak ray,
His heat with the summer is fled;
When night fast approaches, I hasten away,
For cold blows the storm 'round my head.

I haste to my cottage, to my own fire-side,
Where pleasure and harmony reign;
Where plenty, contentment and virtue reside;
And there, while the night lasts, remain.
Secur'd from the tempest, we'll laugh at its rage,
Nor value the loud roaring gale;
In the dance, or the song, free from care, we'll engage,
Or music our ears shall regale!—

But soon as the first rays of heav'n's pure light
Shall dawn in the east, we'll away,
Well clothed in furs, secure, warm and tight,
We'll glide along swift in the sleigh.

Thus in winter itself, tho' gloomy and cold,
Amusement shall cheer the sad scene,
Till mild spring and summer their glories unfold,
And with flowers again deck the green.

CARLOS.

REPLY TO THE CROSS OLD MAID,

IN PAGE 24.

I'VE long delay'd to answer your address,
Being much engag'd, and thinking too no less
Than that some odious He-thing you're in fact,
And not a maid, cross, old, perverse, exact:
But if indeed you are, as you have said,
Really no other than a *Cross Old Maid*,
Why then, an answer is a tribute due
To bare civility, and not to you;
Except to contradict your false assertions,
Your tales of scandal, and your vile aspersions.
Yet know, Old Maid, know I your scorn despise,
Your ridicule, your calumny and lies.
Think you I'm grey, and that I've got the gout,
Want nursing, and of life am tired out;
Your thoughts are false—I'm healthy hale and stout,
No nurse I want, no nursing have I had
E'er since I left the care of mam and dad.
To call me "dotard, old," or say I'm "rusty,"
Is just as false as that my "books are musty:"
They're sweet and clean, indeed their mostly new,
Well chosen, and too good for such as you;
Who with disdain can sneer at reading books,
And say, "give them to scullion maids or cooks;
"Fitter for them,"—no doubt the greasy jades
Possess more sentiment than *Cross Old Maids*.
Should e'er your evil eyes survey my face,
Which by vile names you labour to disgrace,
E'en your detracting tongue, which calls me "squalid,"
Must own I'm neither mawkish, pale nor pallid:
But in my phiz the signs of health abound,
My wind, my limbs, and eye-sight too are sound:
Of health and vigor I've an ample stock,
My pulse strikes seconds, true as any clock.
If on "creation's face I am a blot,"
A Cross Old Maid too is a dirty spot.
Not coward-like have I quit post or station,
Too well I love the sex, and reputation.
Who but some peevish hag could I affront
By my address, tho' it was plain and blunt?
What girls of sense my honest suit despise,
Disdain my dainties, and refuse my pies?
Are *Cross Old Maids* these girls of sense or spirit?
Do they expect to marry youths of merit?
Oh heaven forbid such matches e'er should be,
As *Cross Old Maids* with merit, youth, or me.
Aid me to shun them, for in truth they're worse
"Than all th' ingredients cram'd into a curse."

BACHELOR.

Bachelor's reply to "A Maid," will appear next week. Tho' we cannot but remark, notwithstanding all his professions to the contrary, that he has well nigh dub'd himself OLD *by his long inattention to the pliant fair one.*